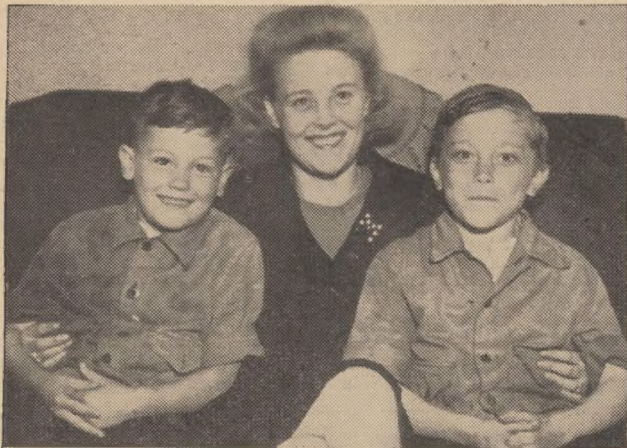


Good Morning 791

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



CARAVAN HOME IS READY, EDGAR POWELL

YOUR wife and two boys, probably start part-time work Submariner Edgar Powell, again when she gets to Nottingham in the middle of packing tingham. The caravan is furnished in very good style, from what she told us, and she is getting a good price for the odds and ends she is selling up from Linwood Road.

Your wife said you will love it. They will be living in a caravan colony, and there is a good school near for your two boys, Phillip and Alwyn.

Your letters are still being received, and Mother keeps reading bits out to the boys. By the way, she has forgiven you—what for, we don't know, but it could not have been very serious, the way she laughed! Your wife says she will

HOME NEWS

Taffy VII, a young white goat from the Royal herd at Windsor, was on his first ceremonial parade at Carmarthen Park recently. Taffy is the goat mascot of the Welch Regiment, which was honoured by receiving the Freedom of the Borough.

For at least three generations the Welch Regiment has received its mascots from the Royal herd, and "Taffy," in his scarlet and gold regalia, makes an imposing figure walking in front of the Regimental band.

The Regiment already holds the freedom of Cardiff, which carries with it the right always to march through the City with fixed bayonets and flags flying.

SURVIVOR.

THAT fine old coaching inn, the Greyhound in Broadmead, is going to be taken over by a brewery company. During the heavy air raids of a few years ago, the Greyhound was one of the few buildings that survived one particularly bad night, and as the flames licked the walls, it looked to the two hostesses, who have kept it since the death of their father, that that was to be the end. But it survived and now stands almost like a skeleton of the past amid the ruins all around.

STREETS of American bungalows erected near Camel's Head, Devonport, are to be named after American States. Some of the names chosen are: Carolina Gardens, Virginia Gardens, Maine Gardens, Delaware Gardens, and Jefferson Place (this one after the President, of course).

New Cook for L.Tel. G. Humphreys

YOU are going to have a welcome-home breakfast at 4 William Morris House, Hammersmith, W.5, but it will not be Mum who cooks it, L.Tel. George Humphreys.

Your brother Sidney told us that he feels he is sufficiently proficient now to do really well by you in this direction. No doubt your favourite, chips and trimmings, will be on the day's menu somewhere, too.

On the subject of favourites, your sister Lillian retains her preference for the Warsaw Concerto, and she always hopes you are listening when she happens to hear it on the radio after she has finished work.

Sidney was spending his holiday helping in the sugar factory and getting good and black doing it.

Your mother had returned from supervising at the same factory shortly before we called, and your sister, Margaret, is also still working there, sending syrup to troops in Burma. It is quite a Humphreys concern, apparently.

Margaret, by the way, is very keen that you should meet her boy friend Tom, who used to be a Marine. She hopes it will not be long before this is possible.

On the subject of far-distant places and returning from them, Jimmy was expected home from Syria any

He Kept the Heather, and Got Bad Luck

J. C. BEE-MASON, submarines' Honey Man, tells his tale

IN 1921, Sir Ernest Shackleton it is not safe for you to go any further; we have sighted the Expedition for the antarctic, and R.M.S. *Avon* returning from South America, and we have signalled her, and she is going to take you back to England."

I did not know this, having just returned from a long visit to the South of France.

One afternoon I was sitting in the Primrose Club, St. James's, when I was told Shackleton wished to see me. I invited him into the smoke-room, and he there outlined his proposed Expedition, and when he had finished, gave me a smack on the knee and said, "I want you to come with me."

The *Quest* sailed from London, and when off Eastbourne anchored about half-a-mile off shore, and a number of letters were delivered to Shackleton. One letter contained a sprig of white heather.

Turning to me, Shackleton said, "If that's heather, throw it overboard. On my last voyage someone sent me some white heather, and I lost my boat."

It was heather, but instead of throwing it away I put it in my pocket.

We were rather crowded on the *Quest*, and I had to share a small cabin in the fore-cabin with Hubert Wilkins (now Sir Hubert), the naturalist.

One night Wilkins told me that before sailing he paid a visit to a clairvoyant, told her where he was going, and asked if she could tell him if the Expedition would be a success.

She closed her eyes as if in a trance, and said: "I can see a little ship surrounded by icebergs, and it is blowing a gale." After a pause she continued: "The ship is being dashed against a berg. (Pause.) The ship is sinking, sinking. (Pause.) Now I can see nothing but ice and a polar-bear."

This was too much for Wilkins. He roared out laughing, for there are no polar bears in the antarctic.

We had to put into Lisbon for repairs. Whilst there we were entertained by members of the English Club.

Now, I must have eaten something at that dinner that did not agree with me. The next morning, whilst going down the Tagus, I was seized with violent pains, and was very sick. This continued for some days, and I was gradually getting weaker.

One day Shackleton came to my cabin, and, sitting down by the side of me, said: "The Doctor says

At Liefde Bay we established a base for the seaplane, and then proceeded to North-East Land to land the sledging parties.

In the Hinlopen Strait we encountered considerable pack-ice, but were able to make a little progress by ramming the ice. The captain reversed the engines, went back a short distance, and then rammed. In this way he made headway, sometimes only a few yards, other times 20 or 30 yards.

As I watched this from the bridge I thought this would make a good film. Having told the captain what I proposed doing, I landed on the ice with my camera, and erected it about 30 yards ahead of the ship; as the ship rammed the ice I took my picture, retreating a short distance whilst she rammed again.

"I have watched your endeavours to carry out your work in spite of your constant sickness, and have nothing but praise for what you have done in spite of your physical disabilities, and I am sure you would have been a valuable officer of the Expedition."

"This letter is written in haste, and is short but sincere. Yours sincerely, (Signed) Ernest Shackleton."

I treasure that letter more than anything else I possess. It was one of the last letters Shackleton ever wrote; a few weeks later he was dead. Since then I have never believed that white heather brings luck.

Three years later I went North with the Oxford University Expedition. I joined the Expedition ship *Polarbjorn* at Newcastle, and found that amongst my shipmates were Sir Ian Colquhoun and Colonel Tennant, the nephew of the late Countess Asquith.

The object of the Expedition being to survey the North-East Land and take aerial photographs of Spitzbergen.

Calling at Tromsø, we picked up the ice pilot, Helmer Hanssen, one of the men who reached the South Pole with Scott. I like to get him to talk about the South Pole Expedition.

He said it was sheer luck that enabled Amundsen to get to the South Pole before Scott.

Whilst Scott was being held up by terrible blizzards, Amundsen had perfect weather—in fact, for two or three days before reaching the Pole, the temperature was only a few degrees below freezing point.

What happened was that the ladder, fell into the sea. With the intense cold and being hampered with heavy boots and polar kit, it was almost impossible to swim.

Hanssen then quickly jumped over the side, down the ladder, and hauled me out. They rushed me into my cabin, pulled off my clothes and put me to bed. The doctor gave me a glass of brandy.

I was soon asleep, and woke up next morning none the worse for my adventure, and offered to tumble in again for another glass of brandy.

One day, whilst Binney was away on the ice with Colquhoun, Tennant was left in charge of the ship. He called me on deck and said: "I want you to go up in the seaplane and photograph Spitzbergen from the air."

I had never been up in the air in my life. The pilot was A. G. R. Ellis. We entered the seaplane and took off.

Having taken a good film of Spitzbergen and the polar ice stretching towards the Pole, Ellis handed me a piece of paper (we had no headphones), upon which he had written: "We are not up 3,000 feet."

That gave me the jumps, and I signalled to go down. When I alighted, my shipmates asked, "How did you like it?"

I said, "I didn't, and never want to go up in the air again."

Little did I think that a few years later I would make an attempt to fly over one of the highest mountains in the world.

The sledging parties having returned from the North-East Land, we sailed for England, calling at Tronro to set down Hanssen. We spent a few days here, and I made a journey inland with Rankin, the naturalist, to photograph a family of Laplanders who had been told were encamped there.

When we approached their hut, no one was to be seen, but as soon as Rankin commenced to put up his camera, the whole family crawled out of their hut and posed in a perfect family group as if they had been arranged by a Bond Street photographer.

When Rankin had taken his photographs, he distributed a few pence amongst the children, and all seemed satisfied. Then I thought I would take my picture, so signalled them to remain.

I erected my camera and took the film, and then did as Rankin had done, distributed a few pence. Instead of gratitude, they showed indignation, and, pointing to my camera, shouted: "Kinema, mooch money, mooch money."

They had been spoiled by civilisation.

(More in 792.)



"Er, we bumped into one another outside, ref. And, well, one thing led to another!"

Then something happened I had not allowed for. The ship rammed, and came nearer to me than I anticipated, the ice broke up, and I was left on a small piece of ice right under her bows.

Hanssen, seeing the danger I was in, threw over a rope ladder, also a rope, which I attached to my camera and tripod, the latter being hauled on board.

I then prepared to jump the six feet of water between the ice and the ladder, but it was very difficult to jump from slippery ice. I jumped, slipped, and, missing the



day when we visited your family. His little son, Jimmy, is naturally very much looking forward to this.

Your mother says he is just like you and big Jimmy, and from accounts we heard of his activities, he is certainly a very lively little boy.

He is waiting for you to

come home so that he can beat you at cards. We were told he is quite an expert, and to prove this came the remark from Lillian that he is always keen on keeping the bank.

Your pal George Bevan was home on leave a while back, and, of course he visited Rose in the shop. Together they wish to be remembered to you, and hope it won't be long before they see you there, too.

To end with comes the unanimous hope that, with your good name, you will be able to get the folk in at the back of the "Peartree" for a real binge when you return, but until then Dad always drinks a pint for you when he goes there.



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

The Gates of Hell

THERE are some stories which are very difficult to begin telling. This happens to be one.

Of course, there are also some stories that are very difficult to begin reading; but I know at least two men who will read this one. These two men are Babe Jardine, the magistrate of Tiperoon, and One-eye, the mulatto detective of Jamaica. And both will read it critically.

There is another man who would have enjoyed listening to it being read to him. He was Eugene Sipapo the cuidadores de gallos; but he will never again see his name in print (which was what he loved), for he passed through the place on the Orinoco which is called La Puerta del Inferno—The Gates of Hell—sooner than he anticipated; and it is accepted throughout Venezuela that La Puerta del Inferno is the boundary dividing civilisation from the silence of the unmapped jungle.

Jardine's first acquaintance with Sipapo was when he saw the little Venezuelan standing in the garden of the one saloon which Tiperoon boasts.

Everybody except Sipapo was excited, for Lupino, a traveller who had come off the inter-island boat that very day, was accusing Sipapo of robbing him of a diamond.

Jardine had been sent, for because he was the magistrate.

And then, as they talked, the diamond disappeared. There was no one near the table but Sipapo.

Jardine listened and turned to Sipapo inquiringly, but the Venezuelan was quietly feeding his gamecock with a handful of maize and pieces of raw meat. He shrugged his shoulder

ers at the idea of anybody accusing him.

"Search," he said softly. "I have no diamond."

They searched him thoroughly and with great care. There was no sign of the missing diamond.

The upshot was that Sipapo refused to leave the island on the same boat as the man who had accused him of stealing his diamond lest he would accuse him of taking his second diamond. But as the first diamond was not found, the owner had to depart without it, though he obtained the promise of Jardine that if it was discovered it would be sent to him.

His destination was Jamaica. Next day Sipapo went off north in a schooner which took him for a low fare, and Jardine heard no more for a week.

The thing puzzled him for he was magistrate and held the destinies of Tiperoon in his hand; and the islanders called him "Babe" because he was reputed to be very wise and also because he stood over six feet in his socks.

At the end of the week the inter-island boat made its return call, and from his open window Jardine saw One-eye coming up the hill. The sun glinted on the brass buttons of the mulatto's uniform and badge.

One-eye stepped into the cool room and unbuttoned his tunic, extracting a buff envelope from his inside pocket. He handed the envelope to Jardine.

It was the first time these two had met, though they had heard about each other.

Babe Jardine was known from St. Thomas to Trinidad. He dispensed justice according to the code of the islands, and when he wanted a man he

went after him without flurry or delay.

One-eye's name was known throughout Jamaica as that of a sleuth who knew the jungle and its inhabitants so well that he broke through official rules without hesitation. His notched cudgel told of the number of men he had run to earth.

First instalment of 2-day story of Babe Jardine, Magistrate of Tiperoon Island

They examined each other, the white magistrate and the mulatto detective, with apparently casual interest.

As One-eye did not seem inclined to give any information Jardine took up the communication in the buff envelope and began to read.

He had not read more than the first few lines when he uttered ejaculation.

"You know what this refers to?" he asked.

"Ah do," replied One-eye, showing a piece of chewing gum into his mouth.

"Your name is Seeman, I suppose you are the mulatto called One-eye who is reputed never to have failed on the trail?"

"Yo' bet!"

"And you have come down here to find Eugene Sipapo, the Venezuelan trainer of gamecocks? This circular letter says he is wanted on a charge of murder and robbery at Kingston, and asks me to grant

you every facility in your search. Tell me about this affair."

For answer One-eye delved into his inside pocket and handed over a newspaper cutting.

It was to the effect that a diamond digger named Lupino from the valley of the Orinoco had arrived in Jamaica with a valuable diamond which he was prepared to sell. He had declared that originally he had two diamonds; but one had been stolen from him, and the experts who had seen the remaining one were of the opinion that it certainly was a valuable stone.

But the day following the examination by the experts the diamond was stolen and the owner was found lying dead in the room of his hotel.

Suspicion had fallen on Eugene Sipapo, who had called on the dead man an hour or so before the crime was discovered, but though the police had searched Jamaica, Sipapo was not to be found.

"What made you come to Tiperoon?" asked Jardine, looking up from the cutting.

"Why, suh, dat's easy. Sipapo come from Tiperoon in a small schooner. Inquiry elicited dat fact."

Jardine did some hard thinking.

Why had Sipapo followed the diamond owner up to Jamaica and killed him there?

"Have you any idea where Sipapo is now?"

"I got a hunch, suh. 'Scuse me, but I neva give away ma hunches. De boss tol' me t'bring back Eugene Sipapo, an' I done start on his trail."

"All right!" said the Babe, nettled a little at the cool confidence of the mulatto. "But

don't be too sure that you'll take him to Jamaica before I get him. The people on this island expect me to clear up the affair of that first diamond, and if I don't clear it up my prestige as a magistrate will be shaken. I'm going after Sipapo myself, on my own."

"Scuse me, suh," said One-eye, "but I got a warrant fo' de arrest ob dis game-cock trainer, and yo' hain't."

"That's soon fixed, my lad! I can make out a warrant myself. What do you think I am magistrate here for? If I get Sipapo first, you'll have to come here for him, or over to headquarters at St. Vincent, or else you can join forces with me and come along to—"

One-eye shook his head and rose.

"De lone scout gets along faster, suh. I neva work wit' another."

Picking up his knobbed stick of fiddle-wood, he put it under his arm, drank the remains of the lime-juice, and put his hat on properly, and walked out, chewing perfumed gum, without so much as another look at the Babe.

Jardine watched One-eye go with a smile. He was perfectly well aware that One-eye never worked with other

members of his department. Before One-eye took on a job the others had to be called off. This was not conceit on his part.

It was merely the instinct of the tracker, the surviving trait in him of the slave-hunting days of his forefathers, that demanded full play and a fair field.

To the Babe there was only one course left, and that was to start on the trail also. His islanders would never forgive him if Sipapo was found by someone else after having stolen the diamond under their very eyes.

With that simple process of reasoning of the native they would no longer come to Jardine to settle their troubles and dispense justice with wisdom. They would settle things themselves and he knew the fantastic tangle they would make of it.

He began to make preparations immediately the inter-island boat departed with One-eye as passenger. Sipapo had come up from the Orinoco to get the diamonds. That was evident. The chances were that he would go back there.

There were many boats sailing down the island ready to take a passenger to Trinidad.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. In what indoor game is the term "bar-point" used?
2. What is a "Penang Lawyer"?
3. How many pieces of Irish beef make one tierce?
4. What is the atomic number of the variety of uranium used in the atomic bomb?
5. Is a wolf more closely related to a lion or a horse?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Bat, Ball, Gloves, Bails, Pads, Shin-guards, Stumps.

Answers to Quiz in No. 790

1. St. Patrick; March 17th.
2. Ladies (or Commons); Cream.
3. Palladium; Thallium.
4. Westminster.
5. To find the rules of a game of cards.
6. Tracks do not consist of the letters A, C, E, R, S, T; others do.

Coaster's Greatest Moment

"THE Liner—she's a Lady..." So I suppose you might compare the battered, dirty-looking 3,000 ton coaster that crept up the east coast from London to Newcastle the other day, to the smutty-faced, bedraggled maid-of-all-work you may have seen pictured in humorous sketches in "Punch" in the days before housemaids used lipstick, wore fashionable dresses and went to the "movies" most evenings.

No, she ain't no lady. Indeed, although she's a ship she has a masculine name, and an unromantic one at that. The Gas, Light and Coke Company, who owns her, called her "Mr. Therm."

But like the liners and the ladies, this ordinary-looking, coal-crusted craft, played her part in the war where women stood side by side with men, and gave their best.

She may have been nothing more than an old coaster, and will be again. But in the days when the future of civilisation was in the balance, she was a Commodore.

On D Day, "Mr. Therm" sailed out from the Thames Estuary as Vice-Commodore of a fleet of coasters, carrying men of the Royal Engineers, Canadian Commandos, motor transport, troop carriers and such mixed cargo, and at the end of the journey, found herself at Le Havre.

Her next voyage on the same route saw her promoted to the rank of Commodore, and this time she carried food, bridge-building apparatus and other materials in urgent demand; and on a third trip she went into the French port with similar supplies.

She came through safely, but she still carried the scars she suffered during trips up the east coast before she was called on for D Day exploits.

She had been bombed and had torpedoes fired at her by the enemy lurking off her home shores.

By the time peace came, she was nearing the end of her tether, but Newcastle is taking her in hand. She will be ploughing the well-known lanes between the North and London again, grimy and of no importance to the larger ships that pass her by.

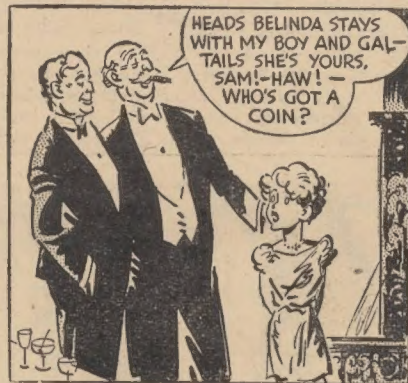
She had her brief glory, and it will be remembered by the men who sailed in her.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

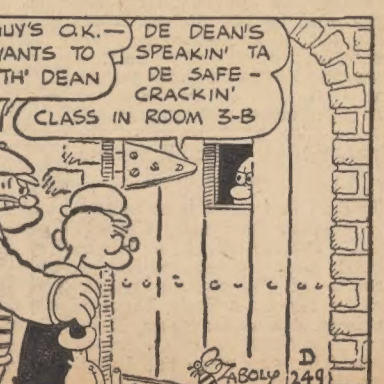
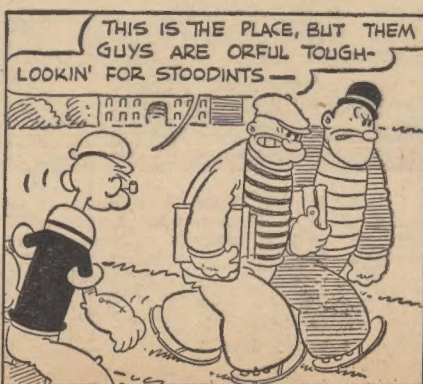
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 729

- 1. Behead a demon and get what he trades in.
- 2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: eraiewedtheeryiidolets.
- 3. What South Coast port can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The three missing words contain the same letters in different order: We had some substitute rashers cut from —, and —ed potatoes.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 728

- 1. W-rite.
- 2. The china cups contain coffee and cocoa.
- 3. LEITH.
- 4. Shall, halls.

JANE

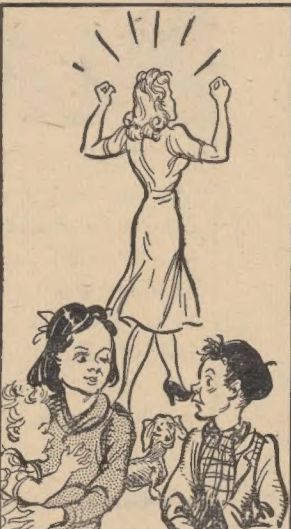
The Gates of Hell

(Continued from Page 2)

Once there it was easy to cross the Gulf of Paria and plunge into the forests on the banks of the rivers. There the diamonds could be sold to adventurers who were always willing to buy and ask no questions. So Jardine went to Trinidad. At the police headquarters there he learned that Eugene Sipapo was well known as a suspected diamond crook. There had been several complaints against him, but there had been no evidence which could get him arrested. Usually he paid short visits to Trinidad, returning to Temblador, where he engaged in cock-fighting. He was one of the best-known *cuidadores de gallos* of the district and as the cock-fighting season was about due, the likelihood was that he would be found at Temblador. Of One-eye, the Trinidad men had not a word to say. He had not been seen nor was he known to have landed on the island. Before making preparations for the final part of his journey to Temblador the Babe searched the shipping offices for the name of Eugene Sipapo. It was found at last in a list of obscure people who had crossed the Gulf a few days before Jardine arrived in Trinidad. The destination of the man was Temblador, and he had carried his game-cock in a cotton bag, trying to match it against the fighting birds of other Venezuelans, who had come down to Trinidad to buy cocks to train. Babe Jardine had been to the mouth of the Orinoco, but he had never been to Temblador, though he knew that there was no village in all Venezuela which did not have a cockpit. To the Venezuelans cock-fighting is what bull-fighting is to Spaniards, and horse-racing to Englishmen. To be a *cuidadores de gallos*, a trainer of cocks, was to be someone of importance. To arrest a *cuidadores de gallos* one would require overwhelming proof of his crime. Many a revolution had started behind the mouths of the Orinoco on less provocation than the interruption of the national sport. Jardine sensed this fact long before he reached Temblador, and when he landed at the small town and marched into the office of the local authority to explain the reason of his visit and hand his credentials over for inspection, he was confirmed in his belief. The Spanish-Venezuelan chief of police read the warrant and listened to what Jardine had to say; then he

shrugged his shoulders and twirled his moustachios. "You come to arrest Eugene Sipapo?" he said. "That is awkward for the sport season is about to open; but if you can prove to me that he stole the diamonds, then he shall go with you. There are illicit diamond buyers on the river, but Eugene Sipapo—pouf! he trains birds to fight, and goes to the islands to buy them. Nevertheless, we shall go to him tomorrow. He will let us search for your diamonds. I say so. Am I chief of the vigilantes for nothing?" "But I want to arrest him on the murder charge." "Senor, why trouble about a trifle? It is the diamonds you want. If Eugene Sipapo has them then they prove he killed Lupino. But Lupino himself was a rogue. I ought to have shot him long ago. Shall I send a messenger to Sipapo to say we will call to search for the diamonds?" "If you do," said Jardine grimly, "I'll charge you with

aiding and abetting. Let's go at once. I'm ready." The chief was not used to this kind of hustle, but he agreed to the visit, smiling and shugging his shoulders. They made their way through the straggling streets to the end of the village and entered a large yard. It was a *cuerda de gallos*, a training school for cocks. At the door of a shed stood Sipapo, his fingers caressing a small black-and-red bird, which he held by the feet. "I have a warrant for your arrest," began Jardine, but Sipapo merely smiled. "What is a bit of paper, senor? Before you can take me from Temblador you must produce the diamonds you say I have hidden. Remember that they said the same thing up in Tiperoon, and yet you searched me and found nothing. Why are you so persistent?" "You'll know soon enough," retorted the Babe. (To be continued)



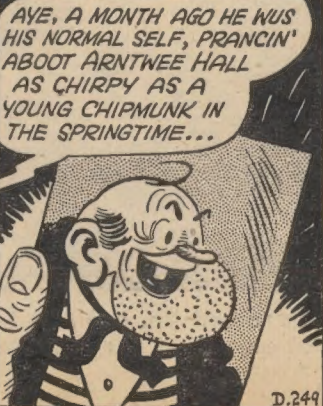
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



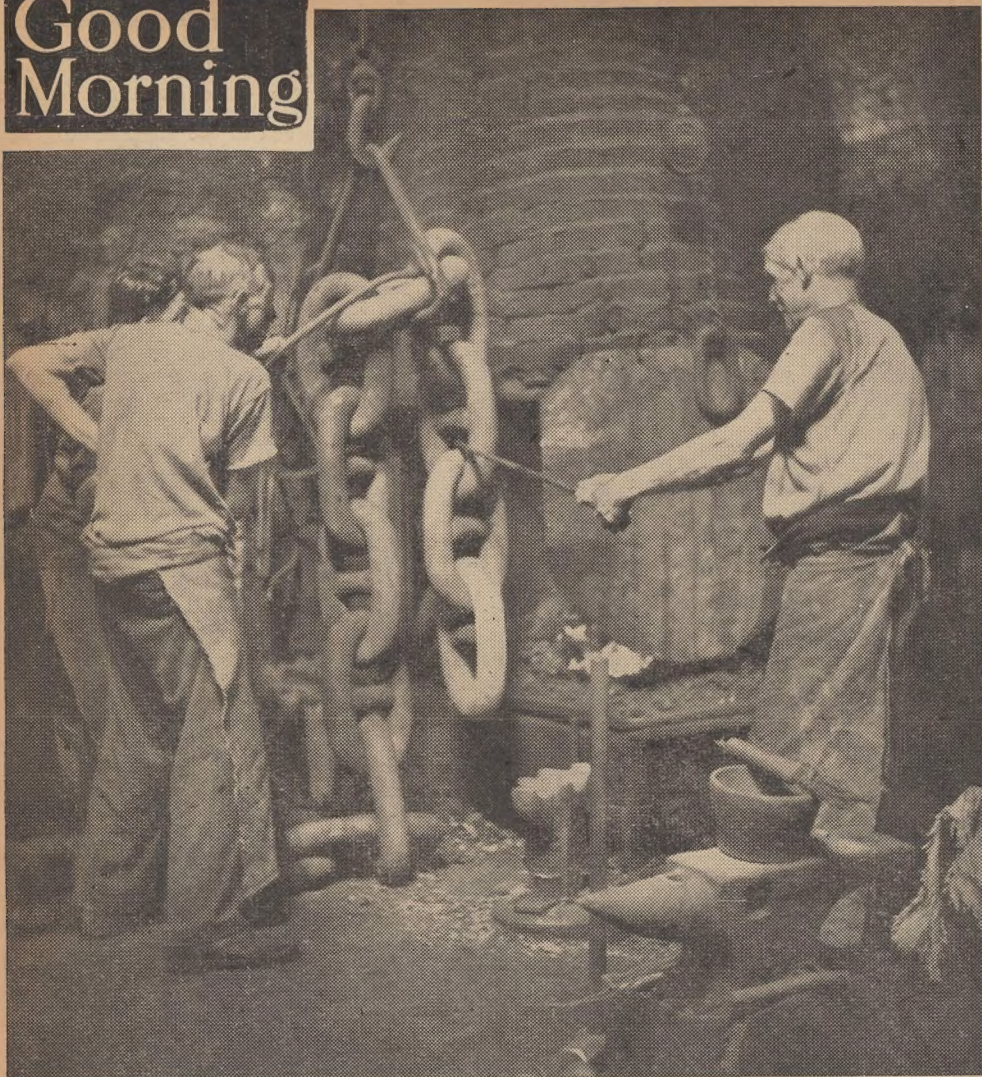
CROSS-WORD CORNER

O	DOG	BAFFY
CLAM	BANAL	
CIVIC	HIRE	
UNITED	MEEK	
RED	LOTUS	Y
N	BLURS	S
A	PROBE	ACT
FLOE	TALLOW	
TAWNY	TABLE	
SEDAN	DUDE	
STRAP	GYM	D

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10			11		12	
13				14			
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25		26					27
28	29	30					31
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36					37		
38						39	

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Cry. 3 Stiff. 7 Football club. 9 Mountain ash. 11 Complete. 13 Colour. 14 Twilled fabric. 15 Lazy. 17 Tale of heroes. 18 Number. 19 Vigour. 21 Study. 22 Pondered. 26 Drink attendant. 28 Erect. 30 Turns. 31 Direction. 32 Implied. 34 Additional. 36 Hard casing. 37 Poem. 38 The girl. 39 Wily.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Curved course. 2 Possessor. 3 Go fast. 4 Coloured fluid. 5 Pronoun. 6 Achieves. 7 Weary. 8 Completely. 10 Wood. 12 Business man. 16 Consciousness. 19 Thin tube. 20 Goes the rounds. 23 Bird. 24 Short-tempered. 25 Animal pen. 27 Clemency. 29 Whittle. 31 Boy's name. 33 Dog. 35 Short hours.

Good Morning



ART FROM A WELSH FOUNDRY.

The fascinating charm of an Old Master fills this compelling picture. Welsh chain-makers are adding a link to those already forged, and the camera has caught one of those rare instances when the result is perfect balance and composition. This fine study would be prizeworthy in any company.



GROWING UP TO BE BACON.

They've knocked the stuffing out of poor old Ma's double row of buttons, and now they're grunting and snorting on her back. Well, they might as well make the most of it, for it won't be long before they're nestling up to fried eggs and tomatoes, and by that time Mrs. Hog will be no more than a very pleasant memory. It's too bad, but that's the way it goes.



Here is languorous Martha Vickers taking a new view of the world, all dressed up, even to the silk bows on her shoes and the wondering look in her eyes; and if she is not on velvet she is at least on silk cushions.



CALF LOVE.

We suffered from it once or twice, and know how it hurts! But these smiling sweeties down on the farm are getting the pleasure without the pain. Perhaps they've had it. Think so?



ETERNAL HANGOVER.

"Gosh, where was I last night? Down in the crypt, was I? Or with that drunken old spectre in the belfry? Oh, my head!" This odd "hangover" gargoyle is on a Dorsetshire church.



MEMORIES OF OTHER DAYS.

A corner of a Parisienne's bedroom. Marcelle hangs up her dress, and thinks of all the hectic nights in Montmartre and the gay old Moulin Rouge. And then she thinks — and thinks — and thinks — and so to bed.